

## BOWSER FEUD IS OVER

Samuel and Mother-in-law Have  
Sincere Reconciliation.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

Trouble in the Past Had Been Due to  
Misunderstandings—They Beg Each  
Other's Pardon and Promise Never  
More to Offend.

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Mrs. Bowser had run into a neighbor's the other evening after dinner, and Mr. Bowser sat smoking and reading, when there came a ring at the front door. He waited until it was repeated and then went down the hall with his mind made up to throw the tramp off the steps. As the door swung open his mother-in-law walked in. It was the same woman, with the same satchel. He started back and began to glare at her, and to his amazement, she smiled and held out her hand and said:

"Howdy do, Sammy? I hope you are glad to see me."

"Y-e-s," he replied as he took the hand and shook it limply.

"I hope Sarah is not ill?"

"No. She's just gone into Green's for a little while."

"Then I'll just go down and help myself to a bite to eat. Don't you put yourself out. Are you feeling well, my son?"

"Yes, pretty well. You—you didn't write that you were coming?"

"Nope. I just got ready and came right along. Fact is I wanted to see you and have a little talk with you. We'll have a chat after I have something to eat."

She went down to the dining room, and Mr. Bowser sat down to think. The relations between him and his mother-in-law had been strained for almost twenty years. She had arrived on a visit many, many times before.



"NEVER AGAIN, SAMMY, WILL I CALL YOU A BUM."

But never to call him Sammy and ask after his health. On the contrary, as the reader knows, she had arrived to play the bulldozer and the tyrant and make him feel his helplessness. On numerous occasions he has tried to throw off the yoke, but never with success. What did her arrival portend? Why that smile? What was hidden behind that "Sammy?"

Mr. Bowser determined to be on the safe side, and he was about to make a sneak outdoors when a voice came up to him:

"Oh, Sammy, don't get impatient! I'll be with you in five minutes."

He felt himself turning pale and his heart beating faster. Had she come to lecture him on his latest scheme to start on ostrich farm? Had she heard that he wanted to sell the house and lot and go into squabs? Had any one told her that he stood ready to go on a search for the north pole? If not that, was she going to call him a scoundrel and a villain and break up his home by insisting that her daughter get a divorce?

## Made Up Mind to Fight.

It was a bad ten minutes that Mr. Bowser spent with himself, and he had just made up his mind to fight to the last gasp when the mother-in-law came upstairs. She was still smiling. She extended her hand for another shake and then sat down beside him and said:

"Yes, Sammy, I'm real glad to see you again. I've been doing lots of thinking about you since New Year's. I wanted to come down then, but I couldn't quite arrange it. Did you say you were glad to see me?"

"If you pitch into me I shall answer back."

"Pitch into you, Sammy? Why should I do such a thing as that? Why should I pitch into my favorite son-in-law?"

"But the last time you were here you called me a heartless beast and said you wanted me to understand that you ran this house and me too. The time before that you drew the ax on me and made me stop tinkering with the furnace."

"I did? Why, I don't remember anything about it. If it was so, then I beg your pardon. I'm sure you are the last man on earth whose feelings I should want to hurt. Did Sarah say anything about the letter from me two weeks ago?"

"Yes; I believe she did say something, but I didn't pay much attention."

"Didn't she tell you that I said you were one of the best husbands on earth and that I hoped she appreciated you?"

"No."

"I must speak to her about it. May-

you too much. I never can be thankful enough that she found such a good husband, Sammy. I noticed a bottle of claret on the sideboard. You might step down and take a nip."

"But the last time you were here you called me an old bum because I took a nip."

"That was just an old woman's way, you know. Bum! Why, I should like to hear any one refer to you as a bum in my presence!"

Mr. Bowser felt weak and wabby, and he went down and took a nip—two of 'em. When he returned the mother-in-law reached for his hand and said:

"Yes, Sammy; I got to thinking on New Year's day what a good man you were, and I found myself feeling sorry that I had ever said anything to hurt your feelings. I came this time to beg your pardon and promise to be a different mother-in-law hereafter. Can you overlook the past, Sammy?"

"Do you mean that you didn't come down here to bulldoze and blow around?" he asked.

"Why, Sammy, how could I think of such a thing?"

"Once, when I bought a pig, you said I didn't know as much as a boy ten years old."

"Then I must have been crazy. I'd take another nip of that claret if I were you."

Mr. Bowser went down and took another nip—two of 'em.

"I may have said mean things, Sammy, but I never meant them," said the mother-in-law as he returned. "I have made up my mind to begin this year right."

"I bought some chickens, and you said I hadn't the brains of a grasshopper."

"Is it possible?"

"I wanted to clean house once as you came here, and you picked up the butcher knife and ordered me out. You said you would as soon murder me as not."

"Upon my word, but I must have been crazy!"

"And once you told Sarah right before me that if you had to live with such a husband as I am you'd pour hot lead into his ears while he slept."

"Then I ought to have been sent to an asylum. Say, Sammy, there's a bottle of claret on the sideboard."

Mr. Bowser went down and saw that she was correct, and he took a nip—two of 'em.

## Begged His Forgiveness.

"Sit right here, and we'll hold hands and talk," said the mother-in-law as he came back in a melting mood. "I want you to forgive me if I've ever hurt your feelings."

"I will."

"I want you to know that I think you are the best man on earth."

"Thanks."

"And I want you to think me the best woman."

"I do."

"Never again, Sammy, will I call you a bum. Never again will I draw an ax on you. Never again will I threaten you with the butcher knife or say that you haven't the brains of a grasshopper. I want love and peace and harmony between us. I want the whole world to know how proud of you I am. Sammy, let us sing:

"For he's a jolly good fellow—  
For he's a jolly good fellow—"

Mr. Bowser went down for another nip—two of 'em—from the bottle, but found it empty. He therefore put on his hat and overcoat to renew the supply. He saw two mothers-in-law and went out of two doors. There were two gates, and he hadn't proceeded a hundred feet when he leaned up against two fences to think it over. Pretty soon what seemed like two policemen came along, and both of them said to him:

"Well, old cock, what are you doing here?"

"My name's Bowsher."

"Well?"

"Muzzer-law has come down to see me."

"Yes?"

"And shay, she's 'er best old gal in all this world. She begs my pardon—I beg hers, and

"She's a jolly good f-e-l-l-o-w—  
She's a jolly good f-e-l-l-o-w—  
She's a jol—"

"Shay, officer, put me in my lizzle bed and tell everybody zhat I died of too much happiness!" M. QUAD.

## Sign of Precocity.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor.

Second Editor—Why so?

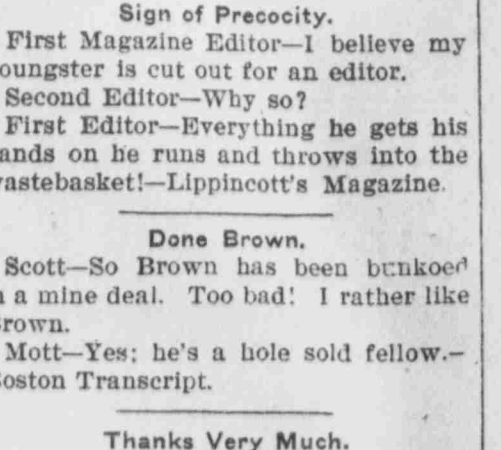
First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the wastebasket!—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Done Brown.

Scott—So Brown has been bunkoed in a mine deal. Too bad! I rather like Brown.

Mott—Yes; he's a hole sold fellow.—Boston Transcript.

## Thanks Very Much.



"Now, boy, this is important. It's an invitation to dinner."

Messenger—Thanks, lady. But I don't think I kin accept. Me dress suit's in hock!—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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